St. PAUL's CATHEDRAL,

A

POEM.

In Two PARTS.

PART I. Relating to the CATHEDRAL.
PART II. The *Prospect* from the gilded GALLERY.

Barbara Pyramidum Sileat miracula Memphis,
Assiduus jactet nec Babylona labor,
Nec Triviæ Templo Molles laudentur Iones:
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus. MART. de Spect.

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St. PAUL's CATHEDRAL.

POEM.

In TWO PARTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

St. *PAUL*'s CATHEDRAL,
A
POEM.

Humbly INSCRIB'D to

The *Right Reverend* FATHER in GOD,

THOMAS

LORD BISHOP of *LONDON*,

PART I.

WHILE thy *Epiſtles*, to reform the Age,
Thy *Sanctity* exemplify'ng thy Page,
Tend; while thy *Leſſons* clear the awful Gloom,
And *Prayers* ward *Heav'ns* juſt impending Doom,
Right Rev'rend SIRE in GOD, this faint Effect
Accept, of an unfeign'd and juſt Reſpect:

St.

St. *Paul's Cathedral* as the *Muſe* ſurveys,
And thence *Auguſta*, bounded by the Skies,
Proud Town! its various Scenes and Proſpect ſings,
To none ſo due the *Tribute* which ſhe brings.

Celeſtial *Seraph*, with thy native Fire,
Who WREN directed, thou the Song inſpire!
Who, from this *Altar*, tun'ſt thoſe grateful Lays,
That riſe to GOD, preſuming not to praiſe!
In *Heaven* joint with Angel Voices, ſoar,
Reach the bleſt EAR---and ſing for evermore;
Infuſe *Deſign!* Come with the mighty Fraught!
For *thou* alone can sketch the wond'rous *Draught*.

Some ſing of *Heroes*, and the fierce Alarms
Of *Battles*; others mingle *Love* and *Arms*,
Oft wakes to Harmony each ſilent String,
And Groves look greener, as the *Poets* ſing.
Not Hopes of Fame, tho' I this *Fane* of GOD
Ventur'd to ſing, and quit the common Road,

Prevails

Prevails; nor vainly, in the motely Line
Of rude Deſcription, do I think to ſhine;
Or Terms remote, that ſeldom flow with eaſe,
That run uncouth and always fail to pleaſe:
But that ſome *Genius* of greater ſkill,
To vindicate the *Theme* might take the Quill,
Leave beaten Tracts, with judgment form a *Plan*,
By nobler Images the *Structure* Scan;
Perſpicouſly, with warmth poetick name
It's *Beauties* equal, that in equal fame
With Eaſtern *Temples*, vaniſh'd long and paſt,
It might in Song ſhine and for ever laſt.

That GOD exiſts, a neceſſary *Cauſe*,
Worſhip his due and by eternal Laws,
The univerſal *Maxim* he reveal'd,
In ev'ry Age on human Nature ſeal'd:
But diff'rent Nations diff'rent Ways explor'd,
To Worſhip the *Diety* they all ador'd:
Some thought if *Heaven*, from the open height,
Saw mute Creation bleed: They worſhip'd right;

When lambent Flames the trembling Limbs encloſe,
Then Sheets of Incenſe to the GOD aroſe:
The learn'd *Druids*, as they naked rov'd,
In Woods, believ'd their myſtick Rites approv'd;
Each thought their Rituals of eſſential Weight,
Religion made by form their proper right:
So various Minds, in *Worſhip* various Modes,
Rang'd with full Freedom and engender'd *Gods*;
Error and *Truth* but diff'rent Names could boaſt,
Blended, confus'd, in *Superſtition* loſt:
Tho' *Heav'n* implanted the religious Seeds,
The Charact'riſticks of true Faith are Deeds:
Temples at GOD's particular Command
Exalt their *Spires* and on their *Baſes* ſtand;
Idolatries ſoon did their Uſe prophane,
Soon conſecrated by the *Prieſts* in vain
As Ornaments they now invade the Skies,
As *State* with *State* in taſte of Building veighs,
Some go to *Church*, as they ſay *Grace*, for *Form*,
Or Children go to School, from way of Harm,

Some

Some as they're dreſt, and have nought elſe to do;
And more to ſee, and be expos'd to view:
But moſt too wiſe to be by *Goſpel* taught,
With high Conceits, ſuperior Knowledge fraught,
With vulgar Form too modiſh to comply,
Not Artful to impoſe Hypocriſy;
To Country *Haunts*, thro' *Town* and *Park* they roam,
Lie, Swear, Debauch, or *Sabbaths* doze at home;
While *Churches* vacant ring the ſacred *Theme*,
With awful Sanction *Truths* exaultleſs ſtream:
Truths might the *Bigot*'s ſtern Religion bend
To *Charity*, did *Bigots* but attend;
Truths would ſucceſsful the *Indiff'rent* warm,
Aſſiſt the *Weak*, and the *Prophane* alarm;
Chear the *Deſpondent*, ſet the *Erring* right,
Humble the *Vain*, unmaſk the *Hypocrite*:
But all ſecure, for who deception fears?
Blindfold to *Truth*, ruſh headlong from their Spheres:
Of indulg'd Vices, Foibles who is free,
Of any Age, Profeſſion or Degree.

What wonder if juſt HEAV'N's avenging Rage,
Thunders Deſtruction to a graceleſs *Age!*
If brutal *Earth* ſtarts trembling in it's poiſe;
And grouls *We* now or never muſt turn wiſe;
Vibrates, while motions from the *Center* roar,
We ſinking now muſt wake, or wake no more;
If *Murrain* blaſts and if Sky *Meteors* brand,
And bode ripe Vengeance to a guilty Land:
Tho' conſcious each the *Judgment* to provoke,
All ſtrive to fly the ſtill impending *Stroke*:
Deluded MORTALS, whether can we run?
If *Heav'n* purſues us, we are ſure undone!
If *Earthquakes* here deny a dwelling Place,
Or ſwallow living an unthankful *Race*;
Alas no Flight, for could we upwards fly,
Thunder and Light'ning dart along the *Sky*.
Our beſt Reſource t' avert the threat'ning *Rod*,
To come repenting to the Throne of GOD:
As *He* th' omniſcient, who directs the Blow,
Sees each conducive to the gen'ral Woe,

On ſolemn *Days*, view, with what Pomp and Pride,
In grand Proceſſions to the *Temple* ride
Magiſtrates, *Stateſmen*, *Int'reſt's*, *Faction's* TRAIN
The *Atheiſt*, *Deiſt*, *Perjur'd* and *Prophane*:
No Signs repentant conſcious *Guilt* avows,
Nor ſelf Dejection conſcious *Pride* allows,
No humble *Mark* to deprecate our Fall,
Tho' *Crimes* inceſſant ſtaring *Vengeance* call:
For long Reſpites, no grateful *Senſe* appears,
Nor *Hope* divine, nor *Reſignation* cheers;
Raſhly with Hearts unſanctify'd they come.
And o're the *Temple's* ſacred *Verge* preſume,
Where the Few *Pious* pray with trembling Hands,
For ſake of whom, the ſhaking *Temple* ſtands,
Tho' long before their Peace with *Heaven* made,
Still on the Merits of a SAVIOUR plead,
A SAVIOUR ſure! in whoſe Almighty *Name*
They Refuge find, and ſure Protection claim,
Tho' *Nature* ſicken'd, to Deſtruction hurl'd,
The gen'ral *Syſtem* ſunk and cruſh'd the *World*.

Be

Be ne'er thy ſacred Memory obſcur'd
By dark Oblivion, ever nor injur'd
By direful envy's derogating Taint,
Great ETHELBERT, once Sovereign Prince of *Kent!*
Sure pious *Manes*, *Favourite* of GOD,
(For whom thou founded firſt this bleſt *Abode*,
Which ſavage Worſhip did before prophane,
As Story tells where ſtood DIANA's *Fane*)
Its future Grandeur thy preſaging Soul
Saw, and devoted to the great Saint *Paul*.

But now chief Chriſtian *Saint*, or *Sovereign* ſay,
Do *you* rejoice and ſee the *whole* to Day!

Ye other *Shades*, ſince wafted thro' the Sky,
And now rewarded for your Deeds on high,
Who forwarded this glorious, great *Deſign*,
Took care its Freedoms to procure, refine,
Its *Gothick* Grandeur, or with utmoſt Care,
Its accidental Damages repair;
For twice red Light'ning thro' the vaulted Sky
Diſcharg'd, with Vengeance pregnant, from on high,

With

With ſacrilegious Fury did invade,
The conſecrated *Honours* of its Head:
Conſuming Flames twice the proud *Fabrick* burn'd,
Once into Ruins with *Auguſta* turn'd,
Say, *Spirits* ſanctify'd, how would you ſmile,
Now to behold the proud ſtupendous *Pile!*
Diſtant to ſee the pompous *Structure* 'riſe,
And hide its glories curling in the Skies
One happy WHOLE, o'er ſtately *Turrets* climb,
O'er tow'ring *Spires*, ſuperior and Sublime!
Tho' all Things differ, all agreeing find,
Where *Order* and *Variety* are join'd!
All jointly regular, all wond'rous fair,
A noble *Quarry* mounted up in Air!
A wide expanſe appear of azure Skies,
To cheer the *Proſpect* as the *Parts* ariſe.

Peace gentle *Shades*, let ſtill your Virtues live;
Fain wou'd the *Muſe* the ardous *deſcript* give,
But yet unable——tho' ſhe ventures forth,
She *points* the noble aſpect of the *North*.

The *Libyan*, who from desert *Africk*'s Shore,
If *Africk* ever glade his Eyes once more,
Now *Britain*'s Glory, with a fond surprize,
It's Wealth, it's Splendor, and it's Pow'r surveys;
With like concern, may view our brightest *Fair*,
As we would do *Inhabitants* of Air,
Vested in sparkling Raiment, that denies
In his Opinion, all the social Ties:
And cloy'd disdains, with loathing Appetite,
The compound Mixtures, that to Meat invite;
All that proud *Art*, besides what *Nature* brings,
Seem unto him unnecessary things:
When home to live on Nature's simple fare,
The longing *Prince*, his longing *Parent*'s care,
Arrives, his *Court* demand what e'er befell
Himself, what e'er he saw, a wondrous Tale!
Thinking no other Scenes in Life can be,
But they have seen, or fancy'd once to see:
He thus relates, ——— but yet relates in vain,
The faint *Ideas* float in glimm'ring train;

In Terms uncouth, deſcribes the various modes
Of Colours, Meats, of Dreſſes and Abodes;
But when Saint *Paul*'s he, labouringly, tries,
With main Effort to draw, he Points the Skies!
And then a *Rock*, that heaving mounts in Air,
That Storms have poliſh'd and that Age made bare,
Till in the groſs a polliſh'd *Rock* it ſoon
Becomes, —— and thought coeval with the *Moon*.
Of burniſh'd Marble, a fair Jet *aſcent*
Leads to this *Portico*, in wide extent
Of graduating Steps, that ſleekly riſe,
Supporting *Columns* of prodigious ſize,
Rang'd curving, as the *Portal* they adorn,
And on their Tops the noble *Dome* is born.
The lofty *Battlements Pedeſtals* grace,
Mimick *Apoſtles* occupy the Place:
Projected, ſome recumbent we ſurvey,
In ſolemn Pomp, ſome ſtanding mount on high,
Sage, fixt in Thought and piouſly auſtere
In living Pride their *Enſigns* as they bear.

The *South* appears alike, Deſcription paſt,
The ſame its *Ornaments*, the ſame their caſt:
Exalted on the *Fronton* proudly ſtands,
Rare Bird, a *Phenix* and its Wings expands
In lambent Flames, upon the ſtately *Iſle*,
Emblem of this incomparable Pile!

Its *Battlements* the holy *Saints* command,
Each his Characteriſtick in his Hand, ——
Diverſify'd, in ſacred Pomp preſide,
Dreſt in a holy Philoſophick Pride,
And rev'rend Attitutes, that Awe convey,
Twice the proud height of *Pigmies* of our Day;
They ſeem to labour, ſtanding or reclin'd,
Urging Salvation ſtill on deaf Mankind.
But now we tempt the ſumptous *Weſt* to ſhew,
And bring the noble auguſt *Front* in view.

Thus the advent'rous *Sailor* when from Home,
With ſpreading Canvaſs firſt he dares to roam
Thro' Ocean, bound to *Aſia's* eaſtmoſt Shore,
Or in the *Weſt* new *Indies* to explore,

Views oft the *Reck'nings*, which he careful keeps;
Oft calculates the wide extended *Deeps*;
Trembles when on the *Chart* he looks, to find
The Space before ſo vaſt, ſo ſhort behind;
And, ſtill advancing, ſees with more Surprize,
New length'ning Seas and growing Proſpects riſe;
While thro' the endleſs *Mazes* wand'ring loſt,
Dreads e'er arriving at the diſtant Coaſt.
Tall fluted *Columns* front this glorious Place,
A *Corinth row* takes up the lower Space,
Adorn'd with *Cornice*, *Freeze* and *Architrave*,
And proudly props a *Portico* concave;
Right over theſe the *Compoſite* ariſe,
In loſty *Pillars* and beget ſurprize,
Their broad *Entablatures* ſend from the Storm,
A fair *Triangle* is the *Fronton's* Form,
On which, engrav'd, a burſting *Glory* clears,
And the *Converſion* of Saint *Paul* appears,
While on the *Vertex* Angle as he ſtands
In Form Gigantic, ſacred Awe commands;

In diff'rent Attitudes, of heav'nly Care,
Animate Statues the *Pedeſtals* bear;
Scribent *Evangeliſts* the *Chief* ſurvey,
On him th' Apoſtles caſt a rev'rend Eye,
The *Cock* ſeems there to wake from Midnight Sleep,
And there Saint *Peter* ſeems in Stone to Weep.

Theſe ſacred Guardians of this bleſt Abode,
Doctors of Truth and *Delegates* of GOD,
From opp'ſite Quarters as they awe the *Town*,
In air aloft the holy Pomp they crown.

This ſplendid *Front* two ſtately *Tow'rs* conſpire
To decorate, two *Corinth rows* require,
In circling Pride, their lofty Heads to lend,
And underneath the airy *Domes* aſcend,
Two maſſy gilded *Apples* of the *Pine*,
Their height exalt, their *Vertices* refine.

Not thus appear'd the *Church* in Ages paſt,
When *Heavens Temples Tyranny* laid waſte.
With violent Hands uſurp'd her ſacred Laws
(A Victim fell the *Martyr* in her Cauſe.)

O impi-

O impious! but did it here hold ſtill,
And not force Principles upon the *Will*,
Dictate to *Conſcience*, lead all Senſe aſtray,
And *Reaſon* rule with a deſpotick ſway;
Holy *Religion* make th' the offenſive *Tool*,
To govern *Madmen* and direct the *Fool*,
Serve as a Maſk to hide the *Knave*'s Deſign,
And pave the way to arbitrary Reign:
How oft, how long, this *Error* has prevail'd
With blinded Nations,——ſeldom ever fail'd
In its Intent, t' eſpouſe ſome horrid Cauſe,
Each ſide pretends to vindicate the Laws
Of GOD, but ſtill invert their bleſſed Ends,
Which have preſcrib'd us all each others Friends:
The ſacred *Rule* no Myſteries protects,
'Tis *Pride* and *Ignorance* divide in *Sects*,
Till *Prejudice* and *Policy* apace,
Second, eſtabliſh and give *Whimſies* Grace,
Hate, curſe, anoy the reſt of human Kind,
Whom *Heaven* fram'd with diff'rent caſts of Mind,

From

From Chance and Education had another Light;
While each content thinks his own *Tenets* right.
When Second CHARLES *Monarchy* reſtor'd,
And Pleaſure was the *Diety* ador'd,
Hypocriſy who even durſt explode,
And over *Piety* ſtretch'd an Iron *Rod*;
Pleas'd, with the *Church*'s external *Rites* complies,
From Ruins ſees the *Town* and *Temple* riſe;
Succeeding *Sovereigns* ſtrove the Work to crown,
Three Reigns the Work and famous Acts renown;
One happy *Day* the joyful *Subject* cheers,
The glorious *Fruit* and faithful *Toil* of Years!
Immortal *Day!* when firſt the *Gates* unfold,
And *Ryſwick*'s Peace in ſacred *Hymns* was told.
Elaborate, now could we upwards tend,
And to the lofty *Cupola* aſcend,
Spring from the *Earth*, on flutt'ring Pinions ſoar,
Hover in Air and the proud *Dome* explore.
No longer boaſt of thy tranſcendent *Dome*,
Nor longer plead a matchleſs *Structure*, ROME,

The

The reg'lar Parts that thy bold *Rival* rears,
Keep juſt Proportion as they prop the *Spheres*,
Where ev'ry Grace, within the reach of Art,
Jointly conſpire and all their Force impart.
The *Cupola* while ſoaring in the Air,
Mounts *Convex* tho' Stupendious, yet fair,
With ſmiling Grandeur ſhoots above the Clouds,
In deepeſt dye of azure-colour'd Shrouds,
Superb in *Ether*, ſolemn Pomp around,
A graceful Range of *Corinth Columns* bound,
With poliſh'd *Niches*, in the airy Clouds,
This pompous *Dome* and prop its Leaden Shrouds
Pil'd on it's *Vertex*, in the giddy height,
A *Lantern* fair ſupports the gilded *Weight*,
Adorn'd with all the grace and boaſt of Art,
While ſtately *Columns* their juſt Pride impart;
The maſſy *Crucifix*, with art and pow'r,
Fixt in the *Vertex* of this ſummit *Tow'r*,
Pearch'd in proud Eminence, emboſs'd behold:
The airy *Figure* gleams in Shades of Gold.

GREAT *Son* of *Art*, ſhall ever Time Efface
Thy Name, firſt *Architect* of human Race,
O WREN! inſpir'd to plan the mighty *Pile*,
And raiſe thy *Tomb* with more than mortal toil:
Let the rude *Structures* of *Egyptian Cones*,
Rais'd to inhume proud mummy'd *Monarchs* Bones,
With hoary Heads that clouded in the Sky
Serene, all waſting Storms and Time defy,
Ceaſe a *World's Wonder* ever more to be,
That work great *Man*, Fate had reſerv'd for thee.
Next let th' internal ſacred *Viſion* ſhine,
And let the Muſe the conſecrated *Shrine*,
Trembling approach, while emulous to ſhew,
Things unprophan'd, conceal'd from vulgar view.
Thus the *Clymenian Youth*, with *Ovid's* Fire,
Is made to gaze the *Palace* of his *Sire*,
Garniſh'd with Diamonds, that celeſtial ſhine
In flaming Splendor, fram'd with art Divine,
Which as the *Youth* ſuſpenſive, daring trod,
Confeſs'd the Habitation of a GOD,

Superior

Superior awe ſoon damp'd his forward ſpeed,
Amaz'd he ſtood unable to proceed.

TALL pompous *Columns* does the holy *Choir*
Upwards to bear its pond'rous *Roof* require,
The like the *Church*: the like adorn the *Weſt*,
With *Pilaſters* in both the *Orders* dreſt:
In richeſt Ornature each *Arch* is done,
With large *Peripheries* inſculp'd in Stone,
With *Chaplets*, *foliage*, all ingrav'd aloof,
Appearing concave in the ſnowy Roof.

With rich Inlay the checquer'd *Floor* extends,
In various Figures that proud *Science* lends;
The azure Colour, of th' Etherial Sky,
Adorn the *Altar-Piece* and golden dye.
Large folding *Valves* of ductile Iron taught
To flouriſh and in ſpiral Branches, wrought,
Of many Figures, with proud dint of Art
Spread to the *Choir* and Paſſages impart;

While other *Apertures*, the fruit of Toil,
In twiſted Pride, face each a diff'rent *Iſle*.
On ev'ry Side, in rows, the ſplendid *Stalls*,
Alternate front in ſacred pomp the *Walls*;
Extenſive *Galleries* each lofty Side
Do conſtitute, in moſt ingenious Pride,
With ſeveral Carvings, that the *Fronts* reveal,
On Wainſcot faithful to the graving Steel.
Now to the *Organ* let the *Lay* belong,
For who the *Organ* can deny a Song,
That ſwells with ſacred *Anthems* to the GOD,
Who *Heav'n* and *Earth*, by his all-ruling *Nod*,
With Laws unerring and eternal Keeps,
And ſways the horrid *Regions* of the *Deeps*,
Invariable, ſure as more Worlds there be,
Tho' countleſs *Syſtems* who the GOD but HE;
He univerſal rules without Controul,
And his *Ubiquity* directs the WHOLE!
Equal *Omnipotent* paſt terms of ſpace,
And to the WHOLE communicates his *Grace*,

Diffuſive

Diffuſive equally, the moving *Soul*
That active breaths 'twixt ev'ry diſtant Pole,
Of *Univerſe* immenſe, each Subject moves
With Senſe, and Strength, with Reaſon ſome improves,
Whom wond'ring *Angels*, while they ſtand before
His Preſence, in celeſtial Songs adore;
Whom all that are in *Nature's* Bounds admire,
Them ſubject *Nature* early did inſpire
To celebrate, by ev'ry diff'rent Mode
Of each partic'lar Faculty, as GOD!
To whom this noble *Buildings* did aſcend,
And into ſuch a wond'rous Pile extend,
To whom this ſtately *Organ* chants his Lays,
And ſkilful vents in quav'ring Notes his Praiſe.

Aloft the ſolemn *Inſtrument* appears,
Its gilded Pipes in ſhooting Cluſters rears,
That in the ſacred *Hymn* conjunctly ſound,
While vaulted Roofs the Melody rebound.

We leave the *Choir* and to the *Weſt* repair,
New Scenes of wond'rous Beauties view we there;

The ſacred *Chappel*, whence imploring riſe
Mattin Oriſon and repentant Sighs,
And the *Conſiſtory*, who's carved Face,
With Veneration awes the hallow'd Place:
The Royal *Enſigns*, cut with artful Care,
Each *Frontons* grace and corner *Vaſes* ſquare.

But ſoaring now, would *Genius* awake!
Who can a Taſk ſo ardous undertake,
The limned *Height* aſtoniſhing purſue,
And the exalted *Cupola* review:

Eight mighty *Columns* to the *Dome* aſpire,
Suſtain its weight and ſhoot above the *Choir!*
With circ'lar *Frontons* grac'd and fenc'd *Alcoves*,
Elegant *Arches* and the *Pride* of Groves:

High on the Summit of theſe ſtately *Piers*,
A noble fronted *Gallery* appears.
Where *Sounds* auricular and *Whiſpers* low,
Are heard all round and undulating flow,
As groſſer *Noiſe* and quiv'ring Voices ſound,
The *Dome* reſponſive back the Cries rebound,

In ſhouts repeated, as they floating fall,
In Echoes die along the circling Wall.
True Eſtimate, reſult of ev'ry Line,
Juſt execution of the whole *Deſign*!
FAM'D *Epheſus*, no more thy *Wonder* boaſt,
Nor tell that at a world of nations Coſt,
Thy gorgeous *Temple* did the Clouds invade,
In ſplendid Glory rais'd its hoary Head,
How much inferior is thy Pagan *Fane*!
The blaſphemous Compariſon how vain!
Our nobler *Temple* in few Years appear'd,
By pious *Aids* and igneous *Impoſts* rear'd,
Superlatively, the *Deſign* tranſcends
Th' idolatrous and ſuperſtitious Ends,
That rais'd DIANA's heatheniſh *Abode*,
This *Temple* ſacred to the SON of GOD!
He who the *Deaf* to hear, to ſee the *Blind*
Bad, the bleſt SAVIOUR of all *Humankind*,
To *Death*, to *Satan* gave th' eternal Blow,
In adamantine Chains and bound below;

Gave

Both take or quit by turns their fond Retreat
Both wait their Mandates from the God of Fate,
Who interceeding for the Race of Men
With Heav'n incens'd, dy'd but to live again;
The boiſt'rous Storms who order'd to be ſtill,
The roaring Surges lower to his Will;
Nature obſtructed found a patent Road,
Him *Nature* knew, rejoic'd and bleſs'd her God!
Baniſh'd Diſeaſes and their Cauſe remov'd,
Rewarded *Virtue* and all *Vice* reprov'd,
The *Will Divine* and *Standard Truth* reveal'd,
The *myſtick Faith* in ſacred *Scripture* ſeal'd.

Our elevated *Taſk* we yet reſume,
Our aking Sight ſtretch topping to the *Dome*.
The imag'd *intercolumning* abound
With Paint in *Freſco*, in the ſpacious Round,
Maſterly touches —— patient ſtrokes of Art,
There Life awakes, there breathing *Pictures* ſtart,
Calmly

Or calmly Reaſon, or with Paſſion glow,
Or Preaching, ſeem with Eloquence to flow:
Moſt noble Sketches of thy ſkilful *Hand*,
Tints of thy *Pencil*,—— Proof of thy command,
Immortal THORNHILL! mimick Life thy Play,
Second RAPHAEL, ſacred Son of DAY!
The airy *Center* of this painted *height*,
Ope's flaſhing, with immitted ſtreams of LIGHT,
And rounding, to the *Dome*'s moſt diſtant Bounds,
Tranſmits the view and more conveys the Sounds:
With Paint and Gold interior Splendor bends
Towards the *Vertex*, where the Proſpect ends.

Rever'd in GOD, *thou* who preſides at large
Oe'r *Briſtol ſee* and keeps this holy *Charge*,
Next to thy *Brother* whoſe aſſiduous care
Tends the wide *Flock* and watches how they fare;
Indulge the *Muſe*,—— let *State Concerns* be ſtill,
Let *ſacred Cares* a Moment ſpare thy *Skill!*

Tho' *Virtue* ſinks and corrupt *Meaſures* riſe,
And tho' ASTREA's fled beyond the Skies,
THOU brighter ſtill —— to *Virtue*'s conſtant *Mark*,
'Tis thus a *Diamond* ſparkles in the Dark:
It were (ye holy ORDER, of the *Place*,
A Taſk too long your *Virtues* all to trace,
Your pious Acts of *Charity* to ſing,
Your divine *Functions* fev'rally to bring,
Within the Compaſs of the artleſs *Song*,
And in its digeſts to diſpoſe their Throng:
The tim'rous *Muſe* the ardous Work declines,
In humbler touches on your *Tribe* ſhe ſhines.

May your *Example* long direct all Lands!
Long may *Religion* proſper in your Hands;
Long may your *Preachings* wanton *Vice* ſuppreſs,
And *Proſelytes* their ſacred *Truths* confeſs;
Long may your *Piety* to Virtue tend;
May your *Devotions* with your lives extend;
Long may your *Biſhop* prove your aged Shade,
Long may the *Mitre* flouriſh on his Head!

This

This noble *Building*, round a vaſt Parade,
Impales a mighty Iron *Balluſtrade*;
A labour'd work and wears a duſkiſh Hue,
It hoſtile Storms, nor Time can ne'er ſubdue;
With maſſive *Doors*, in Goads of ductile Steel,
Stupendeous *Fence!* that on their Hinges wheel.

St. *PAUL's* CATHEDRAL,
A
POEM.

PART II.

SOme fond *Spectator*, now with eager haſte,
Enter'd the *Nave* his viſual Senſe to feaſt,
The ſacred *Spot*, the level *Pavement* tread,
Where once Saint *Faith* rais'd up her ſubject Head.
The Gyral *Stairs*, which Laws of Science bind
In ſuch Dependance, that on nought reclin'd
The whole Gradation ſeems, to common ſight,
He mounts, impatient now to ſee the *Height:*

By

By many an eaſy ſtep then winding went,
While fondly climbing up the fair *aſcent*;
Till faint and weary'd, as he upward tends,
The gilded *Gallery* his Labour ends,
Which fix'd around the higheſt ſpiral baſe,
Whence *Pigmy-like*, he now may freely gaze,
The nobleſt *Scene*, beneath the Sky that meets,
Of cluſter'd *Buildings*, *Lanes* and crouded *Streets*;
A world of *Squares* and *Courts* the Proſpect tires,
Palaces, *Churches* and their gliſt'ring *Spires*,
On *Gardens*, *Halls* ſuperb and *Thoroughfares*,
And *Inns* of *Court* ſtill in litigious Cares;
On the fair *Change*, where with aſſiduous Care,
Promiſcuous *Throngs* to Buſineſs repair,
Great *Mart* of Nations, where from evr'y State,
Commercial *Agents* bargain and rebate;
Strong *Priſons*, where grim Death in Horror Stares,
And where the *Debtors* beg their daily fares,
On *Hoſpitals*, the Seat of dire diſeaſe,
Where Youth recover and the ag'd find eaſe;

On *Chimnies*, that in long ſucceſſive Shrouds,
Emit the ſteaming Smoke into the Clouds;
On *Signs*, ſuſpended low, the painted Pride
Of *Newgate Ludgate*, *Fleet*, Streets and *Cheapſide*.
On *Arch'd Gates*, pouring a ſucceſſive Throng,
To opp'ſite Quarters, as they haſte along,
Big with *Deſigns*, but differing no leſs,
Than do their *Phyz*, their manner and their Dreſs.

The *Beau* to *Tavern*, *Maſquerade* or *Play*,
Steps ſtaring in the *Mode* prevails to Day;
His Look no leſs fantaſtical and vain,
Than the gay Fancies croud his empty Brain;
The loaded *Porter* trudges next along,
Without regard to Rules of right or wrong,
Exulting Parts an amicable *Pair*,
Drives 'gainſt the *Matron* or the youthful *Fair*.
The ſpruce *Apprentice* ſtruts with ſuch a Jee,
As if none elſe ſhould walk the Streets but he,
To lodge his Bundle, he looks big and ſhows
Some apiſh Tricks, as juſtling on he goes;

The

The ſmirking *Chimny-ſweeper's* Bruſhes trace
With ſmutty Spots Embroidery and Lace.
Religious Duty, inſtantly demands
The *Prieſts* Aſſiſtance, but alas he ſtands,
The *Church* tho' near, no Sanctuary can boaſt,
No Aid the *Gown*, ——jamm'd 'twixt a Coach and Poſt.
Briſk *Silvia* formoſt trips the paved Street,
Diſtin'd t' enamour all her chance to meet,
Some *Under-ſcribe*, tho' of an errand ſent,
(Rude licenſe) ſtands, then ſtaring on he went,
But graver *Chloe* walks in graceful taſte,
Wonders her Siſter *Silvia* makes ſuch haſte,
In vain the haſte, the Street ſhe only croſt,
(They often ſpeeding worſt that haſten moſt)
Her *Mother* and her *Siſter* ſcarce arrive
To croſs, the Street when *Coaches Coaches* drive:
With purpoſe ſanguine and affected Pride,
The conſcious *Fair* waits on the other Side,
Impatient ſeems, yet all the while ſhe leers
At *Fribble*, till the troubled Paſſage clears:

The Ladies, croſſing timorouſly, join,
Move from their Viſit homward, in a Line.
The *Raker*, can a *Muſe* the Inſult tell,
Prophanes the ſtreaming Glories of the *Belle*;
Proud *Strephon* would not paſs the Inſult ſo,
Was not a *Raker* much below a *Beau*.
With Coffee his dry *Politicks* to drench,
Direct the *Government*, and kill the *French*,
Reform the *Church*, ſet evr'y thing aright,
And bring the greateſt Secret into Light,
Sometimes looks ſour and ſometimes hums a Song,
The ſhallow *Witling* drives amid the Throng.
The *Senior* for Weeks with Gout confin'd,
With ſhorten'd ſteps and on a Staff reclin'd,
The ſurly *Chair-man* ſhoves from off the way:
Young *Damon*'s carry'd to the *Park* or *Play*!
With low brim'd Hat, lank Wig and tatter'd Coat,
To ſmoke his Pipe and drink his ev'ning Pot,
The humble *Craftſman* walks: his *Maid* in haſte,
Eagerly flies, trim'd in a higher taſte,

With

With vain Intent, ſoon as the *Coalman* knows,
He rubs his Sack againſt her Sundays Cloths.
The *Mourner* cloath'd in Black, unhappy Lot,
A powder'd *Barber* ſoils his ſable Coat;
The bloody *Butcher* mingling in the Preſs,
With purple Stains prophanes the youthful Dreſs;
A *Porter*'s muddy Load with clotted Mire,
Blots fair *Corinna*'s favourite Attire,
And ſoils the Shoulders of the heedleſs *Squire*,
His Hat half flap'd, walks with aſſuming Pace,
His greaſy Waiſtcoat trim'd with tarniſh'd Lace,
The *Bully*, —— thumps a-breaſt with ſwinging Hand
The *Bailiff*, coming from his ſilent Stand:
Rude threats inſue: the gath'ring Croud they form
A Ring, impatient wait the riſing Storm:
Fruit-ſtalls, Milk-pails and Toys ſalute the Ground,
My Milk, *my Fruit*, *my Toys* the Streets reſound:
In Buff the *Champions* now for War prepare,
O barb'rous Skill, and aim with dext'rous care,
Reclin'd, advance, retreat, the parry'd Blow,
Tend the attack, intent upon the Foe:

Th'Attack begun, their pond'rous, ſtout, clench'd-Fiſts,
Batter (blow anſw'ring blow) their guarded Breaſts:
Beſmear'd with Blood, ferment with equal Fire,
They fight, they fall and grappling roll in Mire:
The Croud diſperſe, but ah how fairly trickt,
One had his *Handkerchief* already pick't,
Alert the Hands, to Rapine bred, explore,
The pocket dive, the *Snuff-box* his no more;
Too late, now others their Diſaſter find,
Who left their *Watches* in the Croud behind;
Alarm'd, the *Fop* and *Wit* their Fobs peruſe,
What need——— for neither Watches had to loſe:
But now alaſs, view penſive *Sporus'* ſide,
The *Silver Hilt* gone, gone the dangling Pride.

Oh harmleſs *Weapon*, thee while *Sporus* bore,
Thy flaming Point ne'er ſtain'd the reeking Gore;
Widows nor Orphan's Loſs-deploring cries,
Did ne'er againſt thy fatal Point ariſe;
Siſters nor Mothers with redoubl'd Rage,
Did vent their Curſes on thy hated edge

Thy

Thy only Fault: if Faults we that can call?
Oft twixt thy *Maſter*'s Feet, to make him fall,
Scratch'd oft the *Linkers* Leg, ill fated Boy,
Not one poor Farthing for his fond Employ,
Struck *Mopſus*' Shin, who ſwore to have it broke,
Wound *Betty*'s Apron or *Melinda*'s Shock.
Oh cruel Fate, perhaps at ſecond hand,
Thou may'ſt fall in to *Knowl*'s blood-thriſty Band,
Or unprovok'd, occaſion gen'rous Scars;
Or pierce the *French* in ſome ſucceeding Wars;
Or in the ſilent Midnight *Robber*'s Hand,
Drench'd in the bleeding Wound, in Pieces ſtand.
Affected ſteps, to ſome frequented Haunt,
And there holds forth, in true dogmatick Cant,
One, who by chance a Repartee has hit,
And now, ſucceſsful, claims pretence to Wit:
This *Smatterer*, of late, a *Critick* turns,
Barks at all *Writers* and their Learning ſpurns,
Uſurping Judgment, needs their Senſe diſtort,
Takes their Abilities upon Report:

Nor taſte nor learning can a work protect,
Volumes fall Victims to a bare neglect:
Here a loud Laugh, and there a ſneering Hiſs;
To read the STAGYRITE he cannot miſs,
He ſees ſome Faults that on the Surface creep:
Thoſe oft ſee moſt that cannot dive more deep,
Envy and Pride are Springs on which they move,
Fond of Detraction, like old Maids in Love.

The curious *Stranger* aſks his Way and ſtares,
And ſome old Women haſten in to Prayers,
A faithful Dog, as he lags on behind,
Leads up the plaintive ſupplicating *Blind*;
A num'rous Train repeat their tale of woe,
How many born to Miſery, below!
Undreſs'd, the *Rake* run ſhort, oblig'd to range
The Streets: For Dinner take a turn on *Change*;
With ſtupid Phyz lifts up his clouded Cane,
With muddy ſpots and blots the paſſing train.

Chairs, *Coxcombs*, Coffins and *Coquetts* along
Drive, and are driven thro' the giddy Throng:

The *Chriſtian* and the *Jew*, concuring, talk,
Zealot and *Libertine* together walk;
Philoſophers with *Boys*, that come from School,
So do the Sullen, Chearful, Wiſe and Fool,
The Virt'ous, the Vicious and the Good,
The Gay, the Tatter'd, Fopling and the Prude,
Th' Elate with Pride, the ſunk in deep Deſpair,
The Black, the White, the Swarthy and the Fair.
To diff'rent Airths, with equal haſte, they throng,
Some to be wrong'd and others bent to wrong.

The *Rattle-Grandeur* of the middle Street,
Tis ſome folks luck to have no need of Feet,
Varies the *Scene*, tumultous, rude and wild,
Of Pride and Luxury, the noiſome Child.
Six ſounding *Steeds*, in ſplendid Harneſs chain'd,
See, to the gilded *Chariot* are confin'd,
Where lolls *My Lord*, in penſive Pride and State,
Scours thro' the Streets and ſeems in ſelf-debate:

The party-colour'd-coat *Poſtilion* rides
The leading *Palfrey*, and his fury guides:
High-tottering, the *Coachman* holds the Reins,
Drives up the Backward and the proud reſtrains,
The *Pages*, trim'd in Gold, the ſhow adorn;
The Fool his Envy, and the Wiſe his Scorn.
With Pomp the *Merchant* next beats up the Street,
With ſix or pair, as moſt he fancies meet.
Two Courſers, prancing, of their Burden vain,
Draw bright *Clarinda* and her ſprightly Train.
The dirty *Hack* in tatter'd Trappings clade,
Poor Horſes, that ſeem better wrought than fed,
Some off-caſt Liv'ries, cheapeſt he could find,
The *Driver* wears, in waiting none behind,
Trundles with Strangers, juſt but come to Town,
Jumbl'd with Lumber, long to be ſet Down.
The next ſucceeds, would any ever know,
But for the *Number*, whither *Hack* or no?
The formal *Jointreſs* and prim *Child* approach,
Deſiring to be thought to keep a *Coach*.

O *Affectation*,

O *Affectation*, epidemick Bane,
Hated Impoſtor, minion of the Vain,
Where thou appear'ſt the Faireſt we deſpiſe,
To our own Faults blind, fondle thee and prize;
Importance, by thy means, we think to gain,
Contempt and Redicule are ſtill thy train.

The greedy *Broker*, jolting in his Coach,
Thinks trudging Honeſty down-right Reproach;
Some *Quack*, as *Rock*, while in his Chariot ſits,
The *Learned* ſneers and laughs at walking *Wits*;
The cheating *Gameſters* Inſolence behold,
His tricks are varniſh'd, Chariot Flames in Gold.
In ſaucy State a *Wretch* abandon'd rides,
Submantl'd *Cupids* grace his Chariot Sides,
Who proſtituted, for a Coach and Place,
His *Spouſe* or *Siſter* to a vile Embrace.

O may the *Chariot* never be my Lot,
If by ſo mean, ſo dear a Purchaſe got!

Doom'd

Doom'd may I rather be, in virtous Pride,
To walk on Foot, Contentment while my Guide!
See the proud *Steeds* upon a bounding Spring,
The ſcutcheon'd Chariot on it's Braces ſwing,
All the curs'd Hord the *Coxcomb*'s laviſh Train
Spend, his whole race, with roguery, could gain:
The *Lame*, the *Blind*, tho' Starving, beg in vain.
See blazon'd Coaches girt with tinſel'd *Slaves*,
The riffl'd *Publick* call their *Maſters* Knaves.
The corrupt *Lawyer* lolls to either Side,
Orphans are ſtarving to maintain his Pride.
While blazing Streets ferment, with rumbling Rage,
Advance *Reformer* of the laviſh Age,
BERNARD thou *Son* of *Truth*, fair *Virtue*'s Friend,
Thy Country's *Darling*, to the *Muſes* kind,
No partial Judgment thee from Juſtice draws,
But mild, with Mercy temperates the Laws,
The Widow's Support and the Orphan's *ſtay*!
Give Place ye *Culprits*, ——— clear the crouded Way!

O're

O'er all the Street, the beaten Pavement groans,
And Houſes ring with diſlocating Stones,
A ravel'd line of *Carts*, a ſable Pride,
Runs obviate, thund'ring, on the other Side.

Six ſounding Horſes, all in one black String,
With gingling Bells their toll'd Manes they ring,
The loaded Waggon ſlowly drag behind,
To the known *Inn*, where they refection find.

An honour'd *Steed* now rolling Years upbraid,
Who grac'd the *Coach*, led once the Cavalcade;
His *Lord* the faithful Service, thus, repays,
A ſlave he meanly ſells him to the *Drays*:
The *Courſer* now, when moſt he wants his Eaſe,
Tho' overpow'r'd with Famine and Diſeaſe,
Singly draws, obedient to the Call,
The deadly weight, and turns the corner *Wall*:
(Ill fated Mortal in ſuch Hands to fall!)
Repeated Squalls, his quick return demand,
In that rude Language *Horſes* underſtand:

The Harneſs cracks, the laſhing Thong reſounds,
His Neck and Eyes it prints with bleeding Wounds:
No help, no flight, Blood burſts the ſtretching Veins,
The *Wheels* move ſlowly round, the *Courſer* ſtrains;
His ſtrength, now ſpent, no longer aid ſupplies,
But turning, ſnappers, ſikens, falls and dies.

Peace Murder'd *Shade*, for thou haſt liv'd thy ſpan,
Can'ſt thou repine, now free'd from tyrant *Man*?
Who, to his Aid ſubmiſſive, haſt thee ſlain,
Thou'rt happy now, —— if not, devoid of Pain:
If future Joys can to thy Race extend,
Whom lawleſs Force has brought to mortal end,
Thy ſhare awaits thee, —— and dread *Heavens* Laws,
Will not upuniſh'd, paſs the gulity *Cauſe*.

The *Team* ſtops ſhort, the Street the Fragments barr:
Wheels claſh with Wheels, with Coaches Coaches jarr,
Entangl'd here: the *Churches* Oaths reſound;
High from the Boxes whirl the Whips around;
The deep *Proceſſion* ſtops: what tide of Woes,
In conſequence of this Miſchance aroſe;

For

For dying *Patients*, inſtantly, demand
The grave *Phyſician*, but no Help's at Hand.
The *Patriot*, Zealous in his *Country*'s Cauſe,
The *Maker* and *Protector* of her *Laws*,
With a Contempt of Fortune and of Life,
Wages, in ſelf-debate, the gen'rous ſtrife:
Tho', from the *Senate-Houſe* detain'd, thy cares,
O JANSEN, tend to cruſh corruptive Snares,
While on this ſpot, thy *Soul* the proffer'd *Bribe*
Scorns, or to mingle with the venal *Tribe*,
True to thy *Truſt*, ſuſpecting ev'ry *Guile*,
Nor *Terms* can turn thee, nor *Promotion* ſoil.

Spleen vents in pearly Drops, that ſtart apace
Down lovely *Chloris*' Cheeks, upon the Place,
Who hop'd Diſtinction, in the courtly *Hall*,
The ſplendid *Opera*, or nightly *Ball*:
She muſt, alas, in this ſad ſpot remain,
Unheeded, now muſt dazzle, ſhine in vain.
What new miſhap, like this, could painful ſmart?
What dire Diſaſter touch the tender Heart?

Not if the *Forceps* ſing'd the fav'rite *Lock*,
With *Bell* if *Damon* danc'd, if ailing *Shock*.
Not ſo behind the patient *Matrons* guiſe,
By cares made ſerious, by experience wiſe,
Nor ſoon elated, nor ſo ſoon depreſt,
In conſtant tenor heaves her reg'lar Breaſt:
Youth by alternate Paſſions, headſtrong toſt,
Are bleſt in Fancies and by trifles croſt.
Poſting his roaring Nuptials to the *Fleet*,
The *Sailor* knows not what can ſtop the Street,
With the rude Licence of miſtaken Pride,
And Tongue ungovern'd, ſwears from ſide to ſide.
Some empty *Coaches*, no regrete, ſtand ſtill:
Whole barricaded *Streets* partake the Ill.
In all the pomp Formalities can bring,
More than the Splendor of a former *King*,
With beaming Pride an ample Train proceeds,
While gaudy Trinkets deck ſix ſtately *Steeds*;
The huge effulgent *Carr* of State declares,
The Badges of the Dignity he bears,

A whirling

A whirling line of Coaches in his Rear
With *Aldermen*, behold the City *May'r*.
All doom'd to ſtand, incomfortable Fate,
Behold what Incumbrances tend the *Great*:
Their ſtop at length remov'd, on haſte they wing,
The *Windows* tremble and whole *Cities* ring.
With ſable Trappings, of dark *Steeds* three Brace,
In clouded Grandeur, draw the mourning *Herſe*:
Sad *Harbingers* before the Pomp move ſlow,
The nodding *Plume* decks this proud Scene of Woe,
In Death's grim Pageantry, all ſhrouded round;
Their ſolemn ſteps the moaning Streets reſound:
Deep gloomy ranks of Coaches, luctuous train,
O'er-caſt and ting'd in horror's gaſtly ſtain,
Carry in outward Grief, around the *Dead*,
Friends that Beſtow vain Honours on his Head.
But from the height, how little looks the Train!
The Pomp how idle, and the Pride how vain.

Lash'd, springs the *Horse*, as thro the thund'ring Throng,
The rattling *Chaise* he speed'ly drives along.
The bleating *Sheep* and lowing *Bullocks* speed
Along the Streets, to Night tho doom'd to bleed.
The pawing *Courser*, of erected Crest,
And *Tinsel Tossles* dangling on his Chest,
With foaming Pride, impatient of the Rein,
Rears up his Head and like his Rider vain,
Scours thro' the Streets and as he bounding flies,
Spirts up the Mud and blots *Melinda*'s Eyes.
Some vulgar mounted, as they drive along
Their vulgar *Steeds*, brace mingling in the Throng.

From this rude *Scene* the glad *Spectator* flies,
Where diff'rent Prospects meet his ravish'd Eyes,
The teeming Beauties, of the verdant *Height*,
Transport his Senses and infuse Delight.
With glitt'ring Lustre plays the subject *Thames*,
And darts reflection from his Silver Streams;

No

No Flood whoſe *Banks* ſuch noble Proſpects cheer,
No Stream ſo full, ſo rich, nor Spring ſo clear,
No *Nymphs* ſo fair, as thoſe his Banks ſurvey,
No *Swains* ſo happy, Fields or Woods ſo gay,
No Flocks ſo rich, as thoſe around that Toy
The great *Scamander*, of our ſecond *Troy*,
'Tis he makes fair *Auguſta*, tow'ring, riſe,
And ſwell a Wonder to ſo vaſt a ſize,
From him its tides of Wealth and Plenty grow,
Its Health, its Strength and Neceſſaries flow.

On the bright *Surface*, yet remains to ſay,
What diſtant Objects in the Waters play;
That darkling, ſhifting, intermingling *Store*,
That gliding ſcud and ſpeed from Shore, to Shore.

Their fanning Breezes when the *Zephyrs* huſh,
Nor with ſoft Murmurs waves the leavy Buſh,
The flaming Weſt, with borrow'd orient Light,
And ſetting Sun proclaim the ſable Night;
The Mountains veſted in the falling Skies,
And from the Lakes the hov'ring Fogs ariſe,

The

The whirring *Pheaſant* leaves the noding *Brakes*,
And chirping, thro' the liſt'ning ſilence breaks,
Deep lowings echo, thro' the woodland Shades,
And bleating cries, along the glimm'ring Glades;
The *Swain* ſtrays thoughtleſs and by Chance ſtands ſtill,
Upon the Brink of ſome ſoft murm'ring Rill,
That from the bubling *Font*, in purling play,
And ſportive Currents, ſtreams its glazy way;
A Pool's ſmooth Surface curves the verdant Brink,
The Edges ruſle as the Currents ſink,
Ten thouſand gilded *Sails* the ſurface ſtem,
Spring, cluſter, croud, and ſkim upon the ſtream.
Thus he their dext'rous ſailing Art ſurveys,
Their Pride, their Courſe, their Number feaſt his [Eyes.
On the Mid-bank, on board his painted *Skiff*,
While from his *Pipe* he vents the ſteaming Whiff,
The *Sculler* fits; in either Hand an Oar,
Laſhes the whirling Tides and plies aſhore:

Some

Some bundle cumberſome we may diſcern
The Head to occupy, a Man the Stern.

The ſparkling Wave ſome finiſh'd *Pinnace* ſtems,
The bulging Canvas flapping o'er her Beams,
Skims on the liquid ſpace, as on her Side
She leans, while wafted by the Wind and Tide;
Right in her Courſe a hailing *Sculler* plies,
With ardour freſh and from the Danger flies,
Before her Prow, obtended croſs, he Springs,
Scarce from her reach, when by his Stern ſhe wings.

Returns the Boat, the *Captain* to eſcort,
From viſiting the publick *Shows* or *Court*:
Six ſturdy *Seamen*, Arms and Heads made bare,
Stript to their Shirts, ſix ſounding Oars their care:
Rages with ſudorifick heat their Blood,
All beating time, flaſh up the foaming Flood:
Near *London-Bridge*, upon the boiling Tide,
They're born a-drift and boiſtrouſly they ride:
Towards the *Arch*, while with the Oars they ſteer,
And cautiouſly avoid each fatal Peir;

Beneath a *Town* ſuſpended, they degrade,
And fall headformoſt down the ſteep *Caſcade*.
A giddy *Whirlpool* ſeems the ſpace around,
Bellowing *Deeps* with ſtunning Noiſe reſound;
The roaring *Cataracts* the Ear affright,
And gorging *Shelves* offend the ſenſe of Sight,
When down the Tide, impetouſly, they drive,
And ſtraight at *Wappin*'s vagrant Coaſt arrive.

The ſtately *Barge* againſt the Current rides,
In guady pomp, the lymphick Surface glides;
Six blazon'd *Watermen* the Oars impell,
With equal Force the Floods their Oars repell:
Under a *Canopy* of ſtate the *Peer*,
And noble *Family* arang'd appear.

With bounding ſtrides, a pair of bending Oars,
Diving, reluctant force the wat'ry Stores;
The Floods, behind divided, from a Rill,
The waving Fluid ſtreams the breach to fill.

Cloſe along-ſide, with many a lazy pull,
A *Sculler* rows his Complement in full,

The *Oarman's* blade flaſh'd the pellucid Dew,
And ſprinkl'd all the *Scullers* tawdry *Crew*,
But he more tim'rous, *Velvet* to offend,
Does o'er their Boat his lifted *Blade* extend,
From which, tranſparent, in a pearly Rill,
The Drops in bright ſucceſſive train diſtill.

The pond'rous *Lighter* next the *Floods* ſuſtain,
Ungrate, the Cryſtal *Current* to diſtain;
Still in one Place it, ſeemingly, abides,
Nor moves, but at the Pleaſure of the Tides;
The *Lighterman* ſtands, perch'd, upon the Stern,
And a Directing *Oar* his quaint concern.

The rural *Boats*, among the ſcatter'd throng,
Croud from and to the Places they belong;
Numberleſs Boats flock, ſcuding to the *Stairs*;
Some wing away, ſome float in cluttering Pairs;
There, pendlous, from the pully'd *Crane* ſuſpends
The tackl'd Load, or to the *Boat* deſcends;
There bundl'd *Pardels*, rang'd, attend the Tide,
And *Folks* more fond to go by Boat than ride.

Mean while, promiſcous Shouts collected riſe,
Invade his Ears, and thunder in the Skies;
In broken Accents and deep-lengthning Sounds,
Repeated Echoes, in their various rounds;
With claſhing cadence, as thro' Air they rove,
Burſt in loud Peals toward the Realms above.

What idle wiſhes, curſes, cauſeleſs Sighs,
What empty pratings, flattery and Lies,
What labourd ſtrokes and roaring voice of toil,
Each other ſink, alternately recoil,
In deep Confuſion, from all Parts repair,
And murmur hollow in the vaulted Air?

When the laborious *Sons* of Science mov'd
By *Heaven*, by *Minerva* aided, lov'd,
To ſtate the various qualities of *Air*,
To *Teneriff*'s aerial *Pike* repair;
Their piercing view, thro' denſer *Mediums* flow
Tranſmitted, ſee thro' Clouds ſuſpended low,

A fair and ſubject *World*, around extend,
A circling Ocean, rolling without End,
Numberleſs Sails upon its Surface glide,
Mingling, and ſcarce by optick Glaſſes ey'd:
Huge mountains, Rocks, below ſalute the Skies,
The Valies ſink, ſmall Woods and Villas riſe,
Endleſs Varieties the Scene compoſe,
Seas loſt in Clouds the bright Horizon cloſe.
Thus the Spectator, *Thames*, thy Banks ſurveys,
And thus the tow'ring *Proſpects* meet his Eyes!
The *Fire-Memorial*, in *Dorick* Pride,
While denſer Clouds its radiant *Summit* hide,
Shoots with vaſt Altitude, that ſeems to claim,
And dare th' aerial Limits of our *Theme*:
With half its height, vain *Column*, be content,
Learn to ſubſide, learn this was the Intent,
An humbler Office, *ſubſtitute* of *State*,
That rais'd thy *Structure*, to perpetuate
The Time; when *London* was to Ruins hurl'd,
And roſe again the wonder of a WORLD!

Pil'd on the *Bank*, faint Emblem of *our* Pow'r
Conſpicuous riſes *London*'s famous *Tow'r*,
By impious *Princes* moated and deſigu'd,
In abject Bonds of Slavery to bidd
The wretched *Subject*, *King*'s, and *Court*'s reſort,
In tyrant Reigns: now *London*'s only *Fort*;
Great *Arſenal*, of Royal Arms and Plate,
Of Rarities and other Toys of *State*.

Delicious *Greenwich!* once the Royal Seat,
The *Muſes*'s ſtill and *Charity*'s Retreat,
Inceſſantly thy garniſh'd Building, gleams,
Upon the ſweet Meanders of the *Thames*,
Thy Meadows, ſtill with richeſt Verdure crown'd,
(Enamel'd Beauties circle thee around)
Thy famous *Height*, whence *Sons* of Learning boaſt,
To count the Stars and name their ſhining hoſt,
And neighb'ring *Heath*, which pious Acts renown,
By nature mount, thy Ornaments to crown,

For as the diſtant view can pierce the Skies,
Behold a Foreſt of tall *Ships* ariſe!

Pride of our *Fleet*! the terror of our Foe,
From them our Neighbour's dread and envy flow.
O'er the terraqueous *Globe*, the *Sailor's* roll,
And boldly range the *World*, from *Pole* to *Pole*,
To ſpread our Product, thro' the *Tropicks* roam,
And bring the Store of both the *Indies* home;
They cheer our Spirits, with the *Cyprian* Wine,
And fill our Coffers, with *Peruvian Mine*:
They make bold *Indians* our Pow'r adore,
And our Protection *Africans* implore;
O'er all the Sea, our *Empire* they extend,
Our ſelves at home, our Trade abroad defend.
ANSON, thou greateſt *Sailor* of Mankind,
Will you to run *Earths* circuit be confin'd!
Her utmoſt Lines, ſucceſsful to explore,
And peeping *Iſlands* ne'er deſcry'd before,
This vaſt Circumference alone, to bound?
Great MAN, what *Planet* ſhall you next ſurround?
You felt the Chillings of the frigid *Zones*,
And torrid Heat of perpendic'lar *Suns*,

The

The ardent Warmth that noble *Sailors* fires,
When sacred *Liberty* their Arms requires,
When chearful o'er the horrid scene of Death;
While Brothers, Neighbours gasp their lateſt Breath,
While purple Streams diſtain the briny Wave,
And floating Carcaſſes in Ocean lave,
While groaning Oak before the Thunder tears,
The wrack of Nature while old *Ocean* fears.

In vain the Ardour of this deſp'rate Crew,
In vain the Deaths and Dangers they purſue,
When gentle *Peace* diſplays her olive Wand,
And *Mars'* ſtern Terrors are expell'd the Land,
Diſcharg'd, the Heroes, *Gallia's* force ſupply,
And fighting againſt *Britiſh* Colours die.

O'er Royal *Kent* the ample view extends,
And in the Cloud-capt Hills the *Proſpect* ends.

Fair *Vale* ſequeſter'd from the civick Life,
Inveſted with tumultuous Noiſe and Strife;

The

The *Town* in Winter and a Summer's Seat,
Lambeth, our METROPOLITAN's Retreat.
Thou, conſecrated *Habitation*, ſhares
His private Moments, wrapp'd in ſacred Cares:
Him as the *Church* adopts her eldeſt *Son*,
So ſure has FAME him pointed out her *Own*.

On *Surrey*-Side, along the winding *Thames*,
Reflecting Splendor from his limpid Streams,
The finiſh'd Houſes, on the *Border*, ſhine;
While op'ning *Viſta*'s in the *Pride* Combine.

To *Richmond*'s browzy Hill the View is toſt,
And in its ſhady top the Proſpect loſt.

Next ſumptous *Chelſea*-College, from the height,
On the rais'd *Border*, thou invit'ſt the Sight;
Noble *Deſign* of the immortal WREN,
And ſafe *Aſylum* of diſabled *Men*,
Who from the mighty Toils of glorious *War*,
Are now exempt, each magnify'ng the *Scar*,
That from his dang'rous Labours ſet him free,
In Eaſe, and Plenty, tells his Tale in *Thee*.

Collegiate Siſter of th' exalted *Theme*,
St. PETER's *Fane*, an ever-hallow'd Name:
O'er Time triumphant and rever'd in Years;
A *Gothick* majeſty thy *Fabrick* bears,
Silent and ſacred *Manſion* of the *Dead*,
Great *Monument* of each illuſtrious *Shade*,
Immortal *Heroes*, in the poliſh'd *Buſt*,
Thou ſtill record'ſt; tho' long before in Duſt,
The mortal Part of *Genii* divine,
Princes and *Kings* thy awful Walls enſhrine.
Hail *Senate-Houſe*, tho' ornature denies
Thy outward Side to grace, from thee ſupplies
Annual flow immenſe, the vaſt Support
Of Regal *Grandeur* and a ſplendid *Court*,
Of *Penſioners*, innumerable Train,
Army and *Navy*, *States* beyond the Main!
Britannia's *Peers*, tho' diſtributing Laws
To *Worlds* their own! yet ſtill a bandied *Clauſe*,
They toſs, in doubtful Eſtimates obſcur'd,
By Faction either urged, or injur'd:

Within thy Walls, the Caſe while thus conferr'd,
Some ſeem to hear, as if they never car'd;
While *others* ſeem, as if they did not know,
More of th' *Affair*, than *Chairmen* do below:
While flowing *Eloquence* detects apace,
Some private *Ends* and *Votes* of plain Diſgrace.
But ſome there be, that lineal from the *Stem*,
No leſs the *Virtues*, than the *Honours* claim,
Of WORTHIES, whom no more a *Bribe* could tie,
Than they before their Foes could bear to fly.
Next *He* beholds, with a *Colloſſean* ſtride,
A *Bridge* athawrt the deep prodigious Tide,
No latent Shelves infeſt the gentle Shore,
From the huge Piers no Cataracts do roar:
National Taſte the riſing *Work* refines;
Magnificence in all the *Structure* ſhines.
A-croſs the Flood, along th' oblique ſurvey,
Upon the *Brink*, yet riſeth, tow'ring high,
Thy Auguſt Building, thy demoliſh'd Wall,
Old venerable Palace of *White-Hall*:

The

The *Royal Preſence*, by thy Charms beguil'd,
For rolling Ages on thy *Fabrick* ſmil'd,
Alas! tho' once by flagrant Flames conſum'd,
Thou ſhould'ſt a Wreck perpetual be doom'd.

Civilian College, let the *Muſe* repair
To *thee!* thy *Building* how tranſcendent fair!
Thy Gardens, Courts, which modern Grandeur crowns,
Expand their Glory to the *Surrey* Downs:
Still darting Luſtre on the limpid *Thames*,
The faithful River beating back the Beams:
Thy ancient *Temple* ſtill conſpicuous rears,
Juſt ſtrokes of Art, and Ornaments in Years.

Fair MIDDLESEX, illuſtrious *Seat* of *Towns*,
Nor yet the Proſpect in thy compaſs crowns,
Before the Eye the various Scenes dilate,
To *Hertfordſhire* the Limits ſtill retreat:
O'er *Eſſex* too, the ample View extends,
Till intercepted, in the Clouds it ends.

FINIS.